

# Resolutions She Doesn't Keep

## Some Struggles of the Woman With New Year Self-Denial

The woman who is some distance past 35 and who has been making and breaking New Year's resolutions since she got into long skirts began to talk.

"I don't mind telling you," said she, "about the supreme New Year's resolution I made last January and how I kept it. I resolved to cut out candy and ice cream and other sweets from my daily menu for six months."

"This may seem frivolous," at a polite snicker from one of the guests—"but eating sweets has or had reached the status of a dissipation with me. I had been eating sweets not only at meals but every chance I got between meals, at bridge



parties, teas, evening parties, and my figure was suffering if my digestion wasn't. The habit was getting worse and worse. Every day for months I had been trying to shut my eyes and mouth against temptation, and every day I failed. As usual, many boxes of candy came to the house for Christmas, and there were more sweets than usual at meals. Worse yet, every where I went candy was to be had in

# Kansas Woman Mayor Wins

## Mrs. Ella Wilson Succeeds in Enforcing the Law Despite Opposition

HUNNEWELL, Kan., Jan. 6. A woman's faith in the majesty of the law when enforced, and she believed it could be enforced, has won a victory for Hunnewell, and in this triumph Mrs. Ella Wilson, the Mayor, has gained the respect and admiration of those citizens of Hunnewell who prefer to live in a clean town rather than in a dirty one. That this was the preference of the majority is evidenced by the support now given to her ideas.

Mrs. Wilson believed in a clean town, in a place where boys might be brought up without the temptations fostered by poolrooms and liquor joints, she believed that Hunnewell would be such a place if the prohibitory law was enforced, and she fought for that, and won. To-day the poolrooms are closed and the jointists and bootleggers have sought refuge in other towns. But it was not always easy sailing for her and her supporters. They met opposition at every turn, even from officers of the law whose business it was to see that the laws were enforced. But persistence won.

For a period of six months or more Mrs. Wilson was met at every turn by the defiance of the City Council. They refused to meet with her. They refused to recognize her as Mayor. They declared that she had been elected illegally. They said that Hunnewell did not want a woman Mayor and they declined to have anything to do with the regular business of the municipality so long as a woman was at the head of city affairs.

But Mrs. Wilson did not get discouraged. She did not lose faith in the city or the laws made to protect it, but she did begin to lose faith in those with whom she was elected to perform her duties. Finally she was compelled to appeal to the Governor of the State for help, and she got it.

The Governor's instructions to his Attorney-General to institute quo warranto proceedings against the Councilmen very quickly caused a change in their views. The quo warranto proceedings are now in the hands of the Supreme Court. When the Councilmen finally awakened to a full sense of just what the quo warranto suits meant to them they began to be docile. One or two of them resigned.

To-day Mrs. Wilson and three Councilmen, tractable and willing to listen to reason, are conducting the municipal affairs of Hunnewell in peace and harmony, and best of all, as Mrs. Wilson and her friends and supporters are proud to say, the laws are being enforced and the joints and poolrooms are no more. The town is cleaner now than ever before.

When Mrs. Wilson made a last appeal to Gov. Stubbs in September C. W. Trickett, the special attorney employed by the



awful partners that I was in a rage by the time refreshments, including big dishes of chocolate bonbons, were served. I felt reckless, and before I really knew what I was about, I had nearly emptied one of those candy dishes. No one urged me to do it. I felt of my own free will. That was what made it all the harder. I had held out against candy almost down to my throat, ice cream left at my elbow by teasing friends, only to capitulate to a temptation caused by a couple of women who couldn't play bridge."

"I've always insisted," began a sympathetic listener, "that women who can't play bridge and yet accept invitations



to bridge parties ought to—

"Your case," broke in a middle-aged woman, "reminds me of my sister Mattie, who resolved last New Year's Day not to touch a cocktail for a year. Yes, she loves cocktails and never touches wine, Queen, isn't it? A cocktail before lunch and dinner was a habit with her, and she held out against candy almost down to my throat, ice cream left at my elbow by teasing friends, only to capitulate to a temptation caused by a couple of women who couldn't play bridge."

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by reason of the acts of said defendants, the city is made helpless and is prevented from providing protection to the life and property of its citizens."

The Supreme Court is expected to hand down a decision in the quo warranto suits in February.

But the Councilmen didn't wait for the Supreme Court to act. A stenographer's fee amounting to \$242.45 was presented to the Governor for payment, and the report got out that the quo warranto cases if they went against the Councilmen would cost them a big sum of money. This was a blow to those owning property, and a couple of them decided to quit.

Dr. J. F. Richardson was one of the first to hand in his resignation, and it is believed that all of them would have followed suit if the Attorney-General had not ruled that their resignations would not save them from court costs if the orders of ouster were granted. But these circumstances had a good effect on the remaining Councilmen. They began to come around to Mrs. Wilson's way of thinking, and to-day Mrs. Wilson says she is quite satisfied with the present condition of affairs.

A local election is to be held this month to fill the vacancies. In the meantime the woman Mayor and three Councilmen are transacting the routine business, which, after all, doesn't amount to much, in a way in great contrast to the stormy manner in which it was tried previously.

Mrs. Wilson is a woman of 45 years, and most of the time there is a smile about her blue eyes. One could never believe she was not thoroughly in earnest in everything she says and does. When she was elected to the office of Mayor it came as a big surprise. She didn't think she could leave her household duties to take up the responsibilities of public office.

Finally her friends prevailed against her objections, and she decided to accept the office, provided she was allowed to go ahead on a reform platform. She had an idea that the prohibitory law could be enforced in Hunnewell if the right officials were behind it, and another that Hunnewell could be made into a clean town if freed from poolrooms and joints. Her friends told her to go ahead.

She tried it, but was met with obstacles on every hand. The Councilmen were not in sympathy with a reform movement in Hunnewell. They said there was nothing to reform, and that the Mayor was running the town into needless expense in her efforts to eradicate something which did not exist. But this didn't deter Mrs. Wilson. She knew there were gambling places and poolrooms and liquor joints in operation in Hunnewell.

She had a boy of the temptation age, and she had a thought for the boys of her neighbors, and above all she had the determination and courage to stick to her ideas of what was the proper and right thing to do under the existing circumstances. She went ahead with her fight. She told her friends she would win out if she had half a chance, and she did at big odds. Her task was a big one, for she had to battle against the customs of years. Hunnewell for many years was noted

had \$50 left of my allowance to add to the second quarter's and I was jubilant. On July 1 I came out about even only. You see, my spring clothes are always tempting. The task I had set myself was harder than ever when I found myself with the third quarter's allowance on hand and my husband praising me beyond all reason.

"He didn't praise me on October 1, for I was nearly one hundred dollars in debt. No, I didn't fail either. I ended up the year wearing practically last autumn's gowns, but with \$20 left of my yearly dress allowance. The experience did me a tremendous lot of good."

"I owe a great deal to that New Year resolution, which, by the way, I never repeated. I did not need to. By study and practice I had learned how to make my allowance cover the four seasons. My daughter, who is always squabbling with her husband over clothes bills, told me the other day that she had made a New Year resolution to limit herself to a



certain sum for clothes during this year and I am waiting to see how she comes out. Talk about men's resolutions. There is no man living who could display the fortitude in breaking up a habit that my niece did last year after making a New Year resolution to cut out cigarettes."

"How she came to make the resolution was like this. A few days earlier she had dined out and played bridge afterward, and girls as well as men at the tables were puffing away at cigarettes. An old gentleman, of whom my niece is very fond and whom she calls uncle, entered the drawing room, and as he approached her she jumped up, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him."

"Ugh!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Had my eyes been shut I would have imagined a young man was kissing me. The girl didn't like it at all, neither did she like giving up cigarettes, because all her friends smoke them, and she would be teased a lot. But she made her New Year's resolution to quit smoking, and kept it too."

"I'm glad to hear of some one who

# LOBSTERS LIVE, BROILED OR COPPERED

New York consumes and distributes more lobsters than any other city at home or abroad. The consumption here is almost 3,000,000 lobsters a year, and of these about one-third are sold alive by the fish dealers.

Nine-tenths of the lobsters come from east of Portland, Me. The best of the large lobsters come from New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Labrador. Most of the short lobsters, those from eight to twelve inches long, come from Maine, where almost 2,000 lobstermen work mainly for the New York city market.

From Rhode Island to Labrador lobster catching is a poor way of making a living, as the average daily income hardly ever runs over a dollar a man. It is an everyday occurrence for a lobsterman along the coast of New England to pull up from thirty to fifty traps a day from depths of from thirty to sixty feet and find only three or four small lobsters for which he cannot get more than from 6 to 10 cents each after taking them to a market from a dozen to twenty miles away.

Lobsters are fetching ten times the prices that ruled a few years ago. The chief cause of the high prices is the scarcity of lobsters. This is shown by the large number of lobster canning factories along the coasts of Maine and the Maritime Provinces which have been closed.

Live or boiled lobsters are sold to consumers in New York and nearby cities just as cheaply as at Portland, Me., or St. John, N. B. Chicago consumes four times as many lobsters as Boston, and San Francisco consumes more lobsters than all the cities of Maine and New Brunswick.

New York and New Jersey lobstermen used to supply about one-tenth of the lobsters for the local market. Nowadays they supply few lobsters. Once in a while New York Bay and New Jersey lobstermen come to town with curiosities in the shape of lobsters from four to eight times the average size. Some of these big lobsters weigh from twenty to twenty-five pounds each and are from 30 to 60 years old. The meat is tough and unpalatable.

These big lobsters are sold to be mounted on a backing of fine wood and to be used as a decorative exhibit in retail fish markets. They are also used in another way for decorative purposes.

They are covered with a thin layer of varnish and over the varnish before it dries plumbago is sifted through a silk stocking. Then the lobster is placed in an electro copier plating tank. When taken from the bath the copper plated

# THE KINGDOM OF NEPAL

## Strange Secluded Land Where King George Went Hunting.

From the Westminster Gazette.

The ancient and interesting little kingdom at the foot of the Himalayas to which the King went for his shoot is nearer to being an independent territory than any other of the Indian states.

Since the eighteenth century it has been ruled by the Gurkhas, who furnish to the Indian army some of the most perfect soldiers in the world. For practical purposes the country is almost as closely secluded from Europeans as Tibet, to which in many respects it is akin.

The royal, where King George is now encamped, is the low lying jungle tract bordering on the Indian plain, a region extraordinarily rich in wild animals, including elephants, the capture of which is a highly organized and valuable industry. The Maharaja of Nepal, whose death by the way occurred on December 11, was a titular sovereign only; the real ruler being the hereditary prime minister, who existed England a few months ago. He has the reputation of being a very good ruler, and the force of 8,000 men headed by Jung Bahadur in the Mutiny was of inestimable service.